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*Floating in a dream
I am lost in it
The world goes before me.
Floating in a dream
I am real in it
Real for the world
Of my dream.
Floating
Beyond unreality
To step from the mirror
I am.
Swimming in this life
I am.*

*Paul Rochberg
1944 - 1964*

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A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

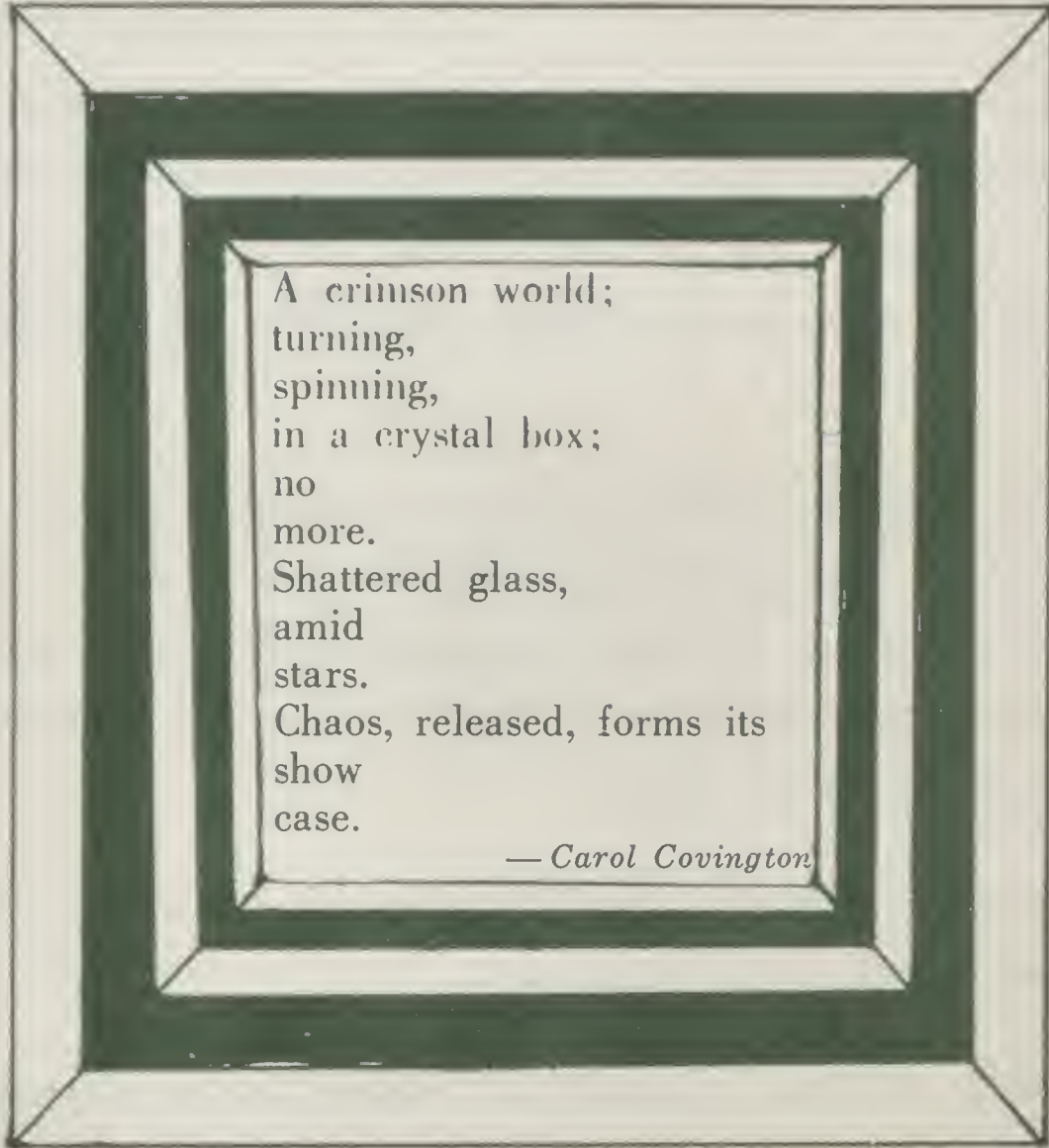
Today's world lacks a horizon to close us in; instead, all things seem to be constantly expanding and growing with no limitations in sight. There is so much to say, so much to see, so much to ponder. Living in an age such as ours will create special thoughts and feelings which must be voiced and heard.

DINOS wishes to provide a means of self-expression and communication for all the students of Marple Newtown that is as free, frank, and unrestricted as possible. The staff has selected the best poetry and prose in order to bring the student body a collection of creative work that will be both enjoyable and stimulating.

This issue of DINOS is filled with ideas that have captured both the undercurrent and the pulse of our time.

We hope we have succeeded in bringing you a magazine of the highest quality.

KAREN ROSENBERG, Editor



A crimson world;
turning,
spinning,
in a crystal box;
no
more.
Shattered glass,
amid
stars.
Chaos, released, forms its
show
case.

— *Carol Covington*

The Night Trane

— Joseph McEwen

Trane, Eric and "Bird" in the dark confines of a cell, blowing free. Free from the pursuing moneyman; free to liberate themselves from mental bondage, to reflect the extensions of truth and love; free to explore the inner soul. Searching with raw emotion and rhythmic improvisation, shattering the myths of the multi-colored hypocrites ruling over them. Expanding the music past the superficial rulers, geographic boundaries and church walls, into the unknown, the Black psyche. They are prophets — black trees growing strong and beautiful. The sun their mother, nourished them, while wilting the Cracker. Their spirit revived long forgotten thoughts, forgotten with the death of a man named Christ who preached similar thoughts of love. Despite their mental crucifixion, their prayer never called for hate.



Great art is the prayer, and

to fill it with hate is blasphemy.

The cell steadily closes in on the creators, slowly squeezing the life from them. Struggling vainly to be heard above the crushing war of the plastic world above. Trane, Eric and "Bird" know their fate. Death awaits their solo refrain. Into the nebulous world they go. The only beauty remaining echoes off the hollow cell walls. The midnight tune is gone. PEACE.

There were three
and then four;
There will be more.
My countryman died in a flash fire;
The Russian, he died from impact
Komarov was his name.

I never knew who or what he was
till today,
his last.

Many names we don't know till
we ask as the procession moves by.

Many names we can't know;

He never knew my name.

No importance did either mean to
the other

till today,
his last.

Komarov, to the Cosmonaut and Astronauts

Man's hopes, dreams; rocketing, breaking the once
inpenetrable height and speed
meshed today:

torn by the last second, the meter before oblivion,
from country, family, and life.

A pledge no matter what the price
to bring man to the full realm of space
And the new universe that awaits.

Komarov, the tumbling probably sealed
your fate or might have killed you.

I know not which way it really came,

But, Komarov, you meant something to me today.

Your procession moves in the living and sweeps
with it the dignity, the quest for unknown parts
the priming of every ode to courage and bravery
that was ever meant.

But I alone will say,

"Today, Komarov,
if it really matters that one man should say,
you meant something to me today."

— Charles Lawrence

Beyond

The smoke of our passion
Rose to tease Heaven's chastity
And out-holy the "Scripture's holiness"

For we were b e y o n d ,

We were b e y o n d !

The written rule of right and wrong
Lies beneath us,
Its staunch lines quivering
In the free born wind
That was love.

— *Marie Margolis*

Swaying movements,
The drum beats grow faster
Sound and sights blur

Images

Soft hair on a silky pillow.
The moon spreads its light
The night goes walking.

Small running feet.
Blond hair bouncing in the wind.
She is part of the sunshine.

— *Judy Lustig*

A Dark Room

a dark room
refuge from the
whirlwind
that is constantly
encircling
to think purposeless-thoughts,
to ponder over
a day . . .
Living itself
a wondrous
long thought out event.
an event perhaps that
may soon end
or may cruelly continue
— may hold full ecstasy
in its grip
Here in a dark room
I find eternity

— *Phyllis Stein*



Sipping the Ineffable Punch

The valorous locks,
the dripping hair,
the solidity of plaster
sipping the ineffable punch
Lemonade spiked with kerosene
Pummel and Crunch
Sob and bunch

Then shouting to savory sophisticated
blocks waste of space
The earth is a tender mixing truck
making its way to a building
Ignoring stop lights
Claiming all the riches for valorous locks,
the solidity of plaster sipping the
ineffable punch, orangeade
carbonated.

— *Charles Lawrence*

I am a voice silent and unheard
in the midst of the rumbling crowds.
Unloved, I walk
alone
unnoticed

I look to the skies
but I find not.
The wide blue expanse remains
empty.
I seek him
whom they say
can fill the void of the heart.

I look down into his house
but he is not there.
I cry to the sky again and again
each time my sorrows increase
my longing grows
I walk silent and unheard
in the midst of the rumbling crowds
But, I find him whom I sought.
He was there
in the midst of the rumbling crowds.

— *Mal Jones*

Here Come the Rats

"Tick, tick, tick," proclaimed the old man in the corner solemnly. The Tourist looked at him. "How much?" he asked the sallow Mexican behind the bar. "Thirty pesos if we ship heem, twenty-five eef you take heem now." "I'll take him," said the Tourist.

The Mexican loaded the old man into the Tourist's truck. "Tick, tick, tick," proclaimed the old man in the truck solemnly.

The metal monster rolled along, finally stopping at the Tourist's mansion. Eleven of the Tourist's children came out and clustered about him. "Hello, children," he said. "I've brought your mother a present. Where is she?"

The littlest girl looked up at him with round, brown eyes, and said, "The rats got her." The Tourist was stunned by this calm announcement. He had always felt that Ethel had much too strong a character to allow herself to be eaten by rats.

He went in. Ah, there she was, good as new, sitting in her high-chair. "'Lo, dear," he said. "I've brought you a present." He carted the old man into the house. "He'll go perfectly in that corner, won't he, dear? Dear? DEAR?" Seeing the knife in her back was something of a shock, but he felt that it would be to his advantage to ignore it.

He walked outside, and watched the house vaporize as he pushed its button. Then he felt himself vaporize. Interesting, he thought,

while he could think. "Tick, tick, tick," proclaimed the old man in the rubble solemnly.

Here Come The Rats!

The very next time that the Tourist reintegrated, he was called before the Council and charged with Wastage, first degree. Chief Officer looked at him sternly and said, "I take a dim view of such things. And you a member of the Council! How dare you leave like that! Your children were left alone for the time that you were gone. We had to eliminate them, of course. Do you realize what a waste that is? And you a member of the Council! You know I take a dim view of such things."

"Of course I know," said the Tourist. "You've said it twice." The Tourist was suddenly overwhelmed by the need to know the time. He was tempted to look at the clock upon the wall of the Council Chamber, but he was afraid that it might have vanished since he last visited the Chamber. (Later he verified his guess. He was right — it was gone. He congratulated himself.)

Desperate now, he looked at his wrist. The small chronometer said, "Four forty-seven." That didn't really mean anything, because it always said, "Four forty-seven," but it made him feel secure.

He returned to his present problem. "But my wife was ready," he said. "Don't I get any points for her?"

“No,” said Junior Councilman.

“No? What kind of an answer is no?” said the Tourist. Then he started weeping, for it seemed pretty unfair of them, not to give him any points for his wife. And after all the time he had spent on her, Getting Her Ready. What injustice!

Pretty soon he stopped crying because, even though he found he rather enjoyed it, it was a waste. So he sighed instead, and looked at his watch. Yes, it said, “Four forty-seven.” He sighed in relief.

— *Benji Burenstein*

I am surrounded by cellophane. I am white, pure, and unhurt. Suddenly I am grasped and thrust into a heat releasing metallic object.

Now it is over.
I am browned. I am devoured.

Robert Ecksel



Half and half —
the way to be?
The world is here
right next to me.
But who am I?
the master cried
when johnny and suzy
went and pried;
The friendship flows:
Crumpled, Molten, Warm
that beast of wrath!
I sit and watch
the workers work
and
the players play
and then I wonder
who are they?
The dark or light
or swingset bright?
those colors
Shine, Shimmer, Sheen,
and then
they flow, oh so serene.
But,
who are they?

— *Karen Bennett*

Absence

It was here, now and then.
The acuity of love and war.
The absence of war is love
While the absence of love is hell. — *Robert S. Kuss, Jr.*

The Last Dialogue

"Let us depart, Plato, we have great things to do. The world is waiting for us." Alan Katz placed his copy of the *Apology* in his locker. His lifelong companion Matty Wolf besides was him. "We must go into the world and devote our lives to seeking truth. "*Ho aleitheia hodus.*" With that Alan and his friend Matty left their lockers and headed down a corridor, vigorously discussing the value of virtue.

"The noble life is what men should seek, eh Plato." Matty thought for a moment.

"Yes, I agree Alan er, Socrates. You're right. One hundred percent. It's the noble life that counts."

"Plato you are a good student. Remember what I've always said, the unexamined life is not worth living. Do you have that down, Plato?" Alan asked.

"What do you mean, down?" Matty asked.

"Write down what I say in a notebook."

"Why?" Matty questioned.

"For your dialogues, of course. How can you expect to have dialogues without taking notes? Do you expect to remember it all?" Matty whipped out a pad of paper from his notebook and began to write furiously. "Good. Forgive and forget is what I always say."

"Forgive and forget . . ." Matty mumbled as he scribbled away in his notebook.

"Onward to the truth, Plato," Alan pointed his finger and exclaimed, "*Ho aleitheia hodus.*"

As the two philosophers strolled through the halls they met Debby Daniels. Debbie's hair was blonde, almost silver, and her eyes were heavily laden with thick green makeup.

"Look, Plato, a fair Grecian maiden. She must be virtuous."

"That's Debbie Daniels, Socrates, and she's not supposed to be good, I mean nice."

"Slander is evil. False words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil," Alan answered.

"Infect the soul with evil. Yes, Socrates, but I know she lacks virtue. My mother saw her smoking."

"Let us question the fair maiden. Through the use of dialogue we will see. *Ho aleitheia hodus.*" Alan and Matty walked over to Debbie.

"Hello fair maiden. I am Socrates and this is my disciple Plato."

"Get out of here. Go on. You're Alan Katz and that's Matty Wolf."

"No, you are mistaken. We are Socrates and Plato," replied Alan.

"Yeh, and I'm Helen of Troy."

"Yes, I should have known. It's the face that launched a thousand ships."

“. . . that launched a thousand ships.”

Matty muttered as he wrote away.

“Weird, absolutely weird,” Debbie said as she looked at Matty who was writing furiously in his notebook.

“Helen, we come here to test something.”

“Yeh, what is it you want?”

“Well you see, your virtue is in question.”

“. . . virtue is in question,” Matty mumbled.

“WHAT? How dare you say that! Where do you get off? I’ll have you know I’m respectable. I know what all you boys have been saying — well it isn’t true. At least not all of it.”

“I’m afraid you misunderstand. It’s just a question of virtue.” Tommy Higgins turned the corner just as Alan said this.

“TOMMY. TOMMY . . . Come here,” Debbie shouted angrily. Tommy ran towards her.

“Yes, what’s wrong, Deb?”

“These two fruits have been cutting me up. They called me terrible names.” Debbie glared at Alan.

“They called my girl names??” Tommy moved towards Alan with his fists clenched. Alan moved over to Matty.

“This must be Menelaus,” Alan whispered.

“I’ll kill ya. I’ll knock ya teeth out. I’ll emaciate ya.” Tommy was inching towards Alan. Matty tapped Tommy on the shoulder.

“Excuse me, Menelaus, but how do you spell emaciate?”

“What? Get out of here. I’m gonna knock this kid’s block off.” Alan stood there and took his drubbing nobly.

Matty propped his wounded friend up against the wall. “That Menelaus sure was a mean fighter,” he said.

“You’re very observant, Plato. And now I must depart this world, for I am not wanted. Persecutors have charged many things against me, and I have not been able to disavow them. I know that I am right, but I must live by their decision. *Ho aleitheia hodus*.

“. . . aleitheia hodus,” Matty wrote down.

“Now is the time for me to go. No, Crito, I cannot flee. That would be dishonorable. Plato, loyal Plato, go fetch the hemlock.” Matty ran to an open janitor’s closet and then returned to Socrates’ side.

“I am sorry, Socrates, but there is no hemlock.”

“No hemlock? This is terrible?”

“I’ve found a pint of pine oil. Will that do?”

“I guess it must. Beggars can’t be choosers.” With that Alan quaffed the pine oil and died, his soul pure-disinfected.

— Arthur Forman

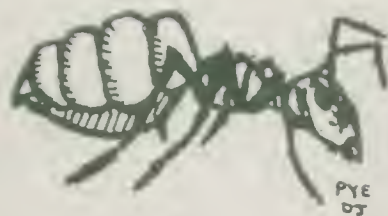
Elegy to a Daffodil

Alas, poor beauty daffodil,
You are but as a sinner is to a saint.
Zounds
An inch to ten thousand pounds
An analog on College Boards
To do or die for expectant college hordes
Dog to canine as Narcissus is to you.
They have stolen your vanity
And turned it to banality.

Your day has come; you are but
jelly to bread.
An onion, a chive to spice up a test
Alas poor daffodil
just a question to be had
by the academic best.

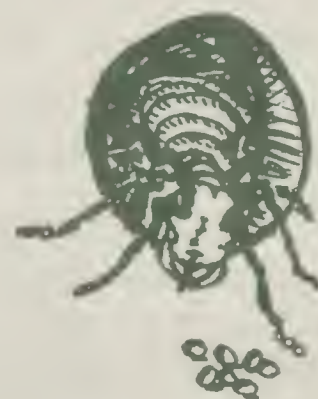
— Charles Lawrence

Ants



The ant, a creature small he is. He sees
The world from stature lowly. In such a state
He roams the world and gazes up at bees
And trees and men who carry fishing bait.
A man he sees as giant tall, with legs
Like sticks and belly round from drinking too
Much beer. Dogs seem huge or taller, whose legs
May move at rhythms funny. The sky is blue,
The grass is green, but other colors in
Between are blurs of many funny shades.
The poor old ant, he's in a fix: he can't swim
In water cool — He can't even wade.
I'd like to be an ant so very tiny,
For giant things annoy my soul, and make me feel most funny.

— Besty King



The Moon

Give me the moon, I want to
swallow it.

I want to see its warm glow
pulsate from my stomach.

(Anonymous)

The priest kneels
in showers of flowery
rain,
and prays amidst
star-notes in a far-floating
chain.

Now listen,
his offering is

Love . . .

Love . . .

Love . . .

— *Ernie Gates*

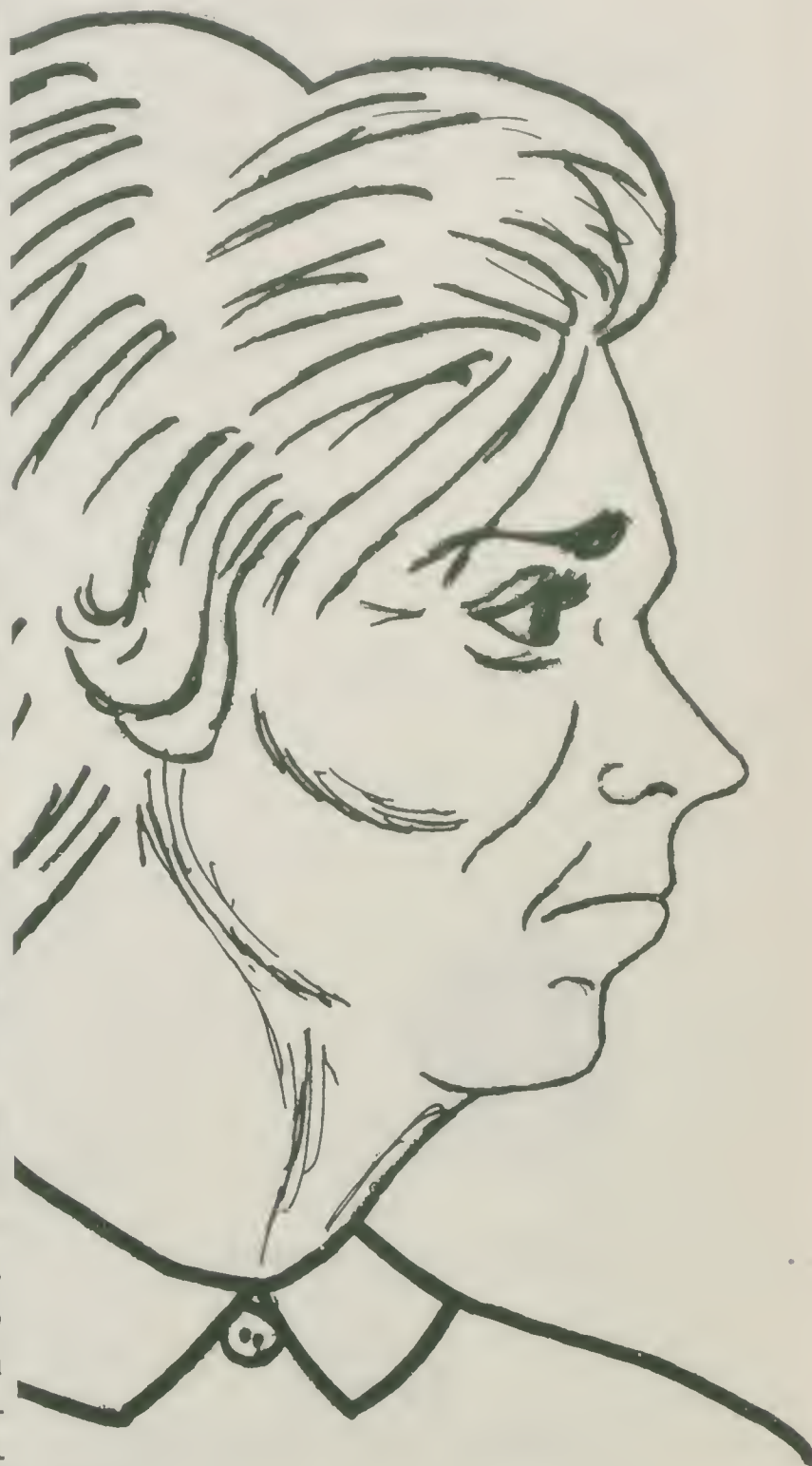
Thus I die,
and,
looking upward,
I find
that
there's not
a great deal of difference.

— *Benji Burenstein*

The hollow, echoing sound of my footsteps and the weary swish of rain softly blurring the cold glimmer of lighted windows gave me an eerie feeling of solitude. I hurried a little faster towards the warm darkness of my home, disturbed by thoughts that crowded my mind.

After the Professor's late lectures I could rarely think of anything but his words. "It's up to you, the young generation of Russia, to liberate the minds of men and free them from the tyranny of capitalism. The greedy rich must be rich no longer," he would say, his dark eyes filling with purpose, "and each man must be given hope. You will show the world new life, for you are Russia's greatest resource and her greatest pride." The Professor's faith was so strong that he made all of us eager to work hard. The most valued reward for any accomplishment would be to hear the Professor say, "Russia is proud of you . . . I am proud of you."

At first I told my mother all the new ideas, but she would either stare at me with total incomprehension, or agree quickly with deceptive vigor and change the subject, as if humoring an obstinate child. Now with the lectures being so late, I saw her very little. She has more than her share of trouble, I suppose, especially since Sasha returned home. I believe it was always her dream to see Sasha in college, winning acclaim for his great achievements, but Sasha never will do what anyone expects. About a year ago, upon finishing high school, he disappeared, leaving a note begging forgiveness for his "sudden but unavoidable exile," and asking us to



“have faith” in his judgment. Ever since, if I even mentioned his name, our mother would glower as if I were speaking ill of the dead. Now he had returned, bringing with him an old balilaika and a sad Russian smile. He looked older than I remembered, and now he rarely laughed.

I can remember very well the day that I first understood Sasha’s strangeness. Years before he disappeared, I came upon him crouched over a large musty book in the storeroom. When he realized someone was watching him, he slammed the book shut, blushed furiously, and tried to hide the book under a stack of old magazines. “Just curious,” he explained lamely, wiping his hand on his sleeve. I had finally understood. He liked to be alone. His greatest joy in life was reading a book.

Our mother still had hope for him, though she would never say so, and even the Professor had once spoken to me of his potential. “Your brother is an amazing combination of astonishing capabilities and crippling rebelliousness,” he had said. “Sometimes he acts as though he does not intend to bring honor to Russia, but only wishes to spend his life bent over a book.”

When I told Sasha what the Professor had said and begged him to work harder, he only smiled with the beginnings of sadness in his eyes. He seemed not to care what anyone thought of him and spent much of his time with Old Ivan Petrovich. Our mother used to tell us about the day Old Ivan was dismissed from the Lenin School. She would laugh remembering, “Like a dizzy, confused

bird,” she would chuckle, “his old green cape flopping over his shoulder as he stooped to retrieve the books that had slipped from the overloaded cart. By the time he reached the place they had assigned to him, he was panting with his effort, his damp hair sticking to his forehead, and all the people who had watched him were weak with laughter.” I was glad to see my mother so gay and so I laughed too, and we were happy.

Sasha, however, had refused to smile, but would only scowl darkly and stamp out of the room, slamming any convenient door. When he continued to visit Old Ivan, our mother became worried. “This man is in disgrace,” she would say. “It is not right for you to show him anything but contempt.” Sasha would only smile.

One night not long before Sasha disappeared, I saw him walking with old Petrovich toward the poor section. I knew it was the old man because of his tattered green cape, and who but Sasha would walk with him? No one ever saw the old man again. The wild fiery look in Sasha’s eyes would not permit anyone to ask about Old Ivan; but it didn’t matter, for no one really cared. Sasha had left soon after, ruining his chance to enter college and make a name for himself.

Now that he had returned, our mother expected him to redeem himself. That knowledge which had aged him and sobered his smile might serve to make him aware of his responsibilities.

I finally reached my home, and I hurried up the steep gray stairs, intending to get right to work, but seeing a light glowing in the kitchen, and half hoping that our mother

was waiting for me, I walked toward it.

She was seated at the table, her hands spread wide on top of a thick manuscript. She stared at Sasha but did not see him. Sasha stood before her patiently, with weary sadness etched into his dark eyes. He raised his hand to her shoulder and then let it drop lifelessly to his side. "Please listen," he said and the calm in his voice seemed unreal, bellying the horror in our mother's face. "What I wrote is not evil. If you would only read it instead of trusting completely in what they wrote, you would know." The expression on our mother's face had turned to despair. She got up from the table and walked past me, unseeing, into the bedroom. Sasha slumped into the chair, hiding his face. In red ink the manuscript was stamped "Unsuitable for Publication."

He turned to me, "Tanya," he said, his voice intense and harsh, "I worked for years on that, polishing it, searching for just the right words. I know it's good. And now." He pressed his hand over the blazing red words, "all for nothing. I must go to them." He looked at me, forcing me to understand his words. "I hope that you at least will make her proud. I know that you will try." He forced his voice to be even and low. "If you wish, you may tell her that I have gone to look for a job in Kiev." His eyes filled with tears, "She won't ask." He awkwardly put his hand on my shoulder. "Please understand." He smiled his sad Russian smile and was gone.

I felt a strange deep ache I had never known before. As I crept into my dark cold room, I thought I heard the sad, sweet sound

of the balalaika played as in the days before the Revolution — a live, gentle thing, dipping and soaring with the ancient melody, far away and alone.

I thought that the next day would never end. I was constantly being called out of the stupor into which I had fallen, only to give the wrong answer and hear the derisive laughter of the friends who had always been so wonderful.

The Professor knew something was wrong and asked me to stay after class. "I hear that your brother has returned," he said. "Does he have a job?"

"Why, yes," I stammered. "I mean he's gone to find one in Kiev."

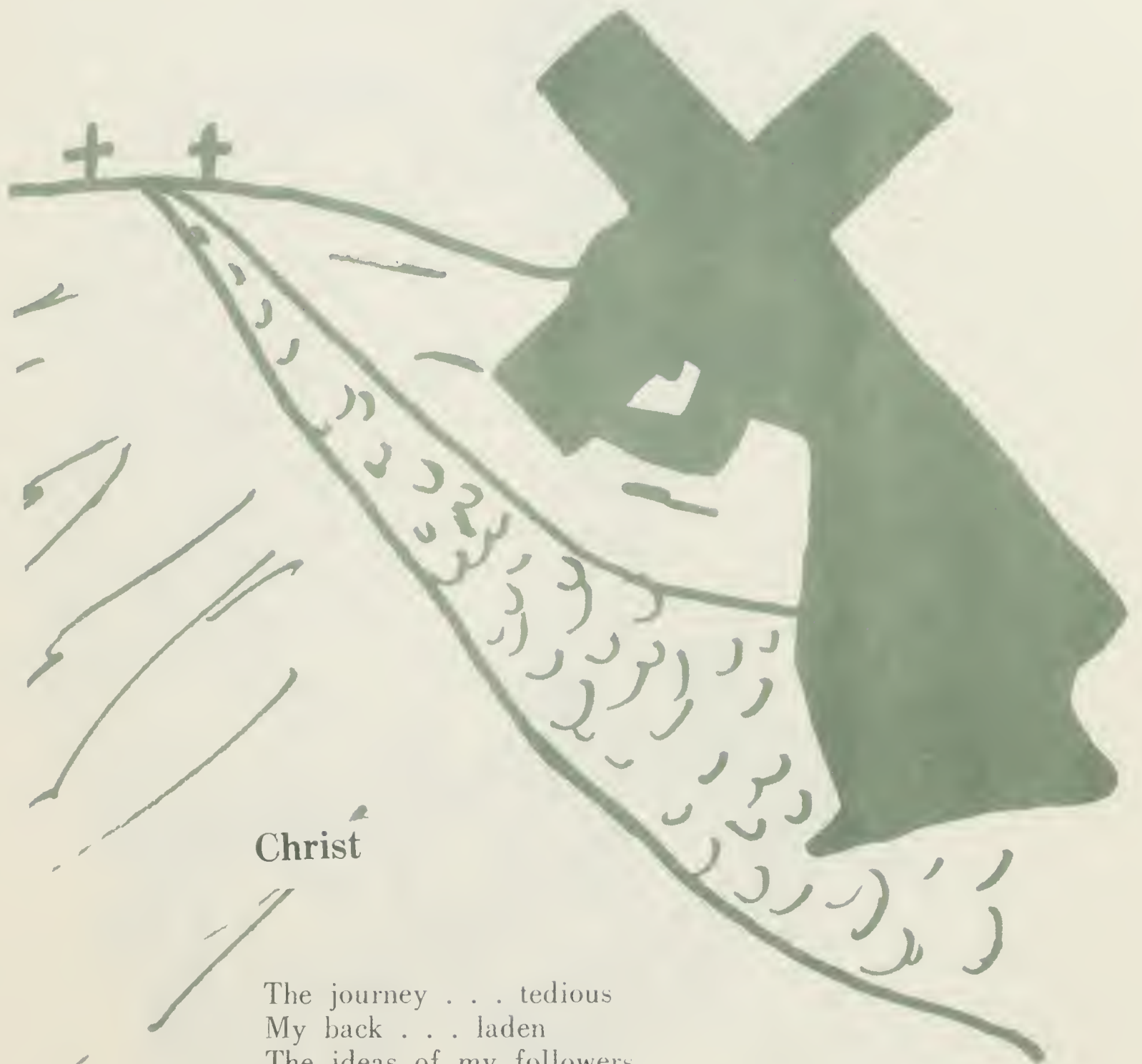
The Professor looked at me steadily. "Remember what you have been taught," he said. "Is Sasha running away from something?"

"No," I answered, surprised at the evenness of my voice. "He knows a friend who can help him."

The Professor smiled, evidently relieved, and turned to go. Suddenly I remembered what he had said about the importance of keeping Russia free from insurgents led by a false sense of righteousness who undermined the people's faith.

I raised my hand to stop him, feeling sure that I would be doing Mother Russia a small but vital service. But as I stepped forward to call him, I heard the sound of a balalaika, clear and sweet in the darkness, and I saw Sasha's sad Russian smile, and the glow of hope in his eyes. I lowered my hand slowly, and turning, I walked the other way.

— Gail Jackson



Christ

The journey . . . tedious
My back . . . laden
The ideas of my followers
Cross my mind

— *Bob Ecksel*



The Setting

A chartreuse mustang gallops through the moist air,
We lie watching — our eyes shut.
A soft glow falls from the window, seeps through the darkness.
Lights of a trillion matches, headlights, neon signs
All combined in dull harmony.
From the tangled streets below, the busy noises of the night
Collide — to one constant level of loud silence
Where cries, screams, laughter are one the same
All outsiders to our tiny room
We revel in a motionless caress.
An entire world pulsates before us.
Whirling, spinning, turning, yearning in slow-no-motion
Colors of a bold, new spectrum!!!!!!
Till caught are we
In the eye of a kaleidoscope hurricane!
The four walls stand erect,
Watching, guarding, protecting in tattered uniforms
As the paint cracks and peels

— *Marie Margolis*

Where Is This Place?

Where is this place where lovers lie
In fields of green and woven sun
Where flowers mingle with the weeds
Where wind and air become just one
You see them walk and laugh and run
Then lie and listen and caress
To kiss and touch, to feel the warmth
Of each their own,
Love's tenderness

— *Donna Sutherland*

Death

Crying from . . . pain
Who?
My luggage.
Opened . . . What blood sample.
Oh . . . red . . .
Oceans of yellow moons,
Strato . . . and I.
Weathered relationships
Hyperbola body . . .
Forensic face . . .
Call . . . Wait . . . Eternity

— *Bob Ecksel*

Destiny

Come lie with me
Though I be young
And misinformed.
While on my bed
You place your head
I'll strip the rags
That once adorned.
There in a corner
They will rest
And thus convicted
Meet their death
And knowledge whom I crave
Will take and lead me
to my grave.

— *J. E. A.*

Flight

— John Credelle



M.J.B.

John Garrison is on a large, private jet, talking to a passenger beside him. The plane's destination is San Diego.

Well, here I am on this plane. I've hated this plane ever since I first came on board. The roar of the engines is a continuous drone. Before I got on board, I took several Dramamine to keep me in good shape. Now as I look out the window at the white clouds I wonder . . . (sigh)

(What do you wonder about?)

I wonder what it's like in San Diego. Right now I'm sort of afraid. The name of the place gives me the chills. Do you know when they'll start?

(I think the time mentioned was noon.)

Don't remind me!! Do you think you can work it so my parents won't be there when they start?

(I'll see what I can do.)

There isn't much time until we arrive. When they told me, I was shocked, because I never imagined that it was that serious. They told me it was quite painless the way it is done these days. Last time I was on a plane, I was not at all nervous. But now . . . Do you know how long it takes? . . . What's it going to be like?

(When you get there you will change into street clothes. They escort you to the "waiting room" where you can talk to the chaplain.)

Thank God for that!!!!!!

(Then they take you to the big room. You are put in a big chair and a belt is fastened across your lap and around your shoulders. As they leave, the pellets drop.)

Well, here we are and there's the truck. It's been a long trip and I'm tired. (To the crew) Thanks for the ride fellas. It's been nice. So long.

The other day in History
I thought of things which bother me:

A chewed pencil,
A broken plate.
A school bus which is
10 minutes late.
A venetian blind
With a broken cord.
A cracked ball-bat,
A metal skate board.
An itchy scalp.
A dim-lit room.
A foot of rain
One afternoon.
The paint chipped off
A new car door.
Muhammed Ali,
Asking for more.
An overcast day,
Without the sun.
The Phillies losing
8 to 1.
A newspaper,
Inside out.
An ugly girl,
So short and stout.
A record album,
Scraped and bent.
Christians staying
Home for "Lent."
A broken zipper.
Flannel grey suits.
Dust marks on my
Black suede boots.
A ring too small,
A knuckle too big.
Cauliflower, or
Squash and figs.

Life Savers

Broken glass
Under foot.
Chimneys spewing
Forth with soot.
A painted wall,
Cracked and split.
A floor that squeaks
With weight on it.
A bicycle wheel,
Out of round.
Guitar picks that
Cannot be found.
A dictionary,
20 years old.
A night so warm,
A day so cold.
A door knob that
Will never turn.
A hard-headed brother
Who'll never learn.
A burned out light.
A noisy bed.
A famous man,
Long since dead.
A Township map
That's incomplete.
Weary legs and
Tired feet.
A belt so wide
With loops so small.
Things to buy, with
No money at all.
A faucet that was
Not turned off.
Noises at night:

A persistent cough.
A town of houses,
All the same.
Baseball practice
In the rain.
An axle bent
On a model car.
A baseball that won't
Fly very far.
Broadside coming
10 days late.
Fine young men,
Overweight.
A broken cable,
Gear shift wise.
Ferguson Jenkins
And other guys.
A closet full
Of dirty clothes.
Commercials inter-
rupting shows.
A driveway cracking,
'Cause of weeds.
Squirrels eating
Sunflower seeds.
A green stamp lamp.
Coming apart.
An electric motor
That will not start.
A flourescent light,
However small.
Ruining reception,
Of radio and all.
The tarnished chrome
Of a light-switch plate.
An Almanac,
Out of date.

A 4-lane highway,
Coming soon.
Nabbed at the
Break of noon,
“Your hair’s too long.
Get it cut!”

I walk away
And say “So what?”
The Motown sound,
From Detroit,
Musically a
Bad exploit.
Razor blades,
All brand new.
They cut your face —
Shu-be-do!

Yes, these things I hate, and how I wail,
But they are HERE and will prevail.

Tension

You get on and
whistle your song
and fasten the bar
(tight and secure).
Then you start to whirl;
Faster and Faster
and the thing pivots up.
You go down and up!
Higher and higher.
You brush the trees.
Your hands are frozen
from the breeze and
your knuckles are white,
mainly from fright.
Holding tight with
all your might, you
close your eyes, then
stare around.
You see the sky, the night,
the Ground.
Your seat, it swings:
You fear to fall but
pretending not to fear at all
you sit and realize the Tension.

— *Ed Siccardi*

As I parked my new green Mustang, a graduation gift from my parents, I began to worry. "I'd better lock up," I thought, "anything could happen in this neighborhood." It was late on a chill, fall afternoon, and, as a car passed behind me, I drew my suede overcoat tighter and silently cursed because I had forgotten to bring gloves. Still concerned about my car, I glanced back over my shoulder. I was startled to see how the clean, shiny metal stood out against the stark wall of the old row-house. The bricks of the building had probably once been red, or possibly brown, but the sun and soot of many years had changed the color to a dusty coal shade, almost the color of ashes.

I turned and continued down the sidewalk, noting that a breeze had picked up, and that rain clouds were being swept in from the direction of the harbor. "I'd hate to be caught here in a storm," I thought, and quickened my step a bit. The dust from the sidewalk and some bits of newspaper were caught in a miniature cyclone, swirling with ineffective fury at my feet. I moved faster, hoping to avoid the shower which seemed inevitable, and calculated mentally the time that I would spend with the Negro family to whom I was assigned. "If I stay an hour," I concluded, "the shower will have passed, and the second English lesson with Gary will be over."

The sun was almost down, but its last days shone brightly enough to enable me to see what I was passing. Every corner had an oil drum chained to a lamp post, presumably serving as a receptacle for the papers and cans which littered the street. A stench arose at sewage openings which would have discouraged any normal person from his task. Then street lamps came on as if someone had waved a magic wand, and I noticed that only a few were in working order. Rain still threatened as I continued down the littered

sidewalk. I began to worry about ruining my suede jacket. A flash of lightening startled me as I started down the steps of the basement apartment in which the family lived. I knocked and was admitted just as a wave of raindrops struck the railing above my head.

When Gary and I sat down at the bare dining table to begin the lesson, I discovered that he had "forgotten" his book. It wasn't the first time so I was not really surprised. I only wondered how he expected to get ahead without learning to read and write. Gary's mother had not returned from her job as a domestic servant, and his father had not been home for days. I decided to find some dinner for Gary and began to search the cupboards. There was a sandwich prepared by his mother and some milk. I offered Gary his meal and in minutes he was finished. He rinsed his glass and placed it on a towel to dry.

The rain had not stopped, but I had a date and could not risk being detained any longer. I told Gary to remember his book next week and stepped out the door. Trying in vain to save my suede overcoat, I raced back to my car. As I ran, I was blinded by sheets of rain and crashed into a small Negro woman carrying a bottle of milk. She fell, smashing the bottle on the wet pavement . . . I struggled to maintain my balance, and succeeded. I felt a sudden sharp pain and watched a spot of blood appear on my knuckles; but, thinking again of my coat, I muttered, "Excuse me," and ran on.

As I drove back to my dorm, I inspected the damage to my hand and wondered why the woman had not moved when she saw me coming. The thought passed, and, as I sped along I said aloud, "Now I'll have to have this coat cleaned! I hope it isn't ruined."

And the rain came down.

— *Ernie Gates*

Night-trees not-trees,
Holes in the sky where the stars show through
Till you get close.

— *Benji Burcnstein*



Flee

On fleeting feet I left him,
Lying drugged by sleep and love,
To reach for me in the night,
And find an empty space,
Reserved as my place.
He would mourn my hasty flight.
I left the warm touch of his bed.
His sheets had tried to tie me in
So — so quietly I fled — in secret silence
To dance down deserted streets
That led me to the Sea,
Who knows no ties, no binding fence.

The salt of the rushing Sea,
The salt of my gushing Blood,
The salt of my tricking Tears,
All fell on sandy earth . . .

— Marie Margolis



Fly

On the end on my pin
Wriggle for life
Writhe in pain.
And with my instruments
Of dissection
I will tear from you
Wing upon wing,
And gouge
Eye upon eye.
Death
To you I will bring.
And end your life . . .

Gradually

Then I will go
And find another fly.

— J. E. A.



A Blow By Blow Account Of No Account

"But you're not a true daydream. I made you up deliberately, and I think real daydreams have to happen by themselves, before you realize what you're doing."

"Thing again, Sweets. I'm the real thing, all right — I'm you — your subconscious, your id, or whatever you call it."

"But you don't look like me. (Or is it I?) You look like (sigh) Liz Taylor, and even my own mother would be hard put to find a resemblance there."

"Ah, but you have the soul of a beautiful woman, Nance, and that's all that counts."

"Keep saying that for about fifty years and maybe you'll believe it, honey. My soul is no better looking than I. (Or is it me?)

"Says who?"

"It's my soul isn't it? I should know better than you — you're just a figment of my warped imagination."

"It certainly is."

"I wonder how Liz Taylor would look with a fat lip . . ."

"Now let's not get sadistic about this."

"I will if I feel like it. That's the great thing about daydreams — you can turn them off whenever you want to . . . Talking about being turned off, Liz Taylor, I'm not exactly ecstatic about your current performance as my daydream. Most of my daydreams are productions worthy of Cecil B. deMille, shot on location in Paris or Rome in Panavision and Technicolor, with a cast of thousands, a wardrobe by Edith Head, fantastic plots and absolutely no limit on expense, but you — you just sit there wasting my time."

"Which is so valuable you spend it daydreaming? Well, it's not my fault I'm a lemon—you're the daydreamer around here, not I."

"Not me."

"Not I."

"Not me."

"Not — hey." (click)

"Not me."

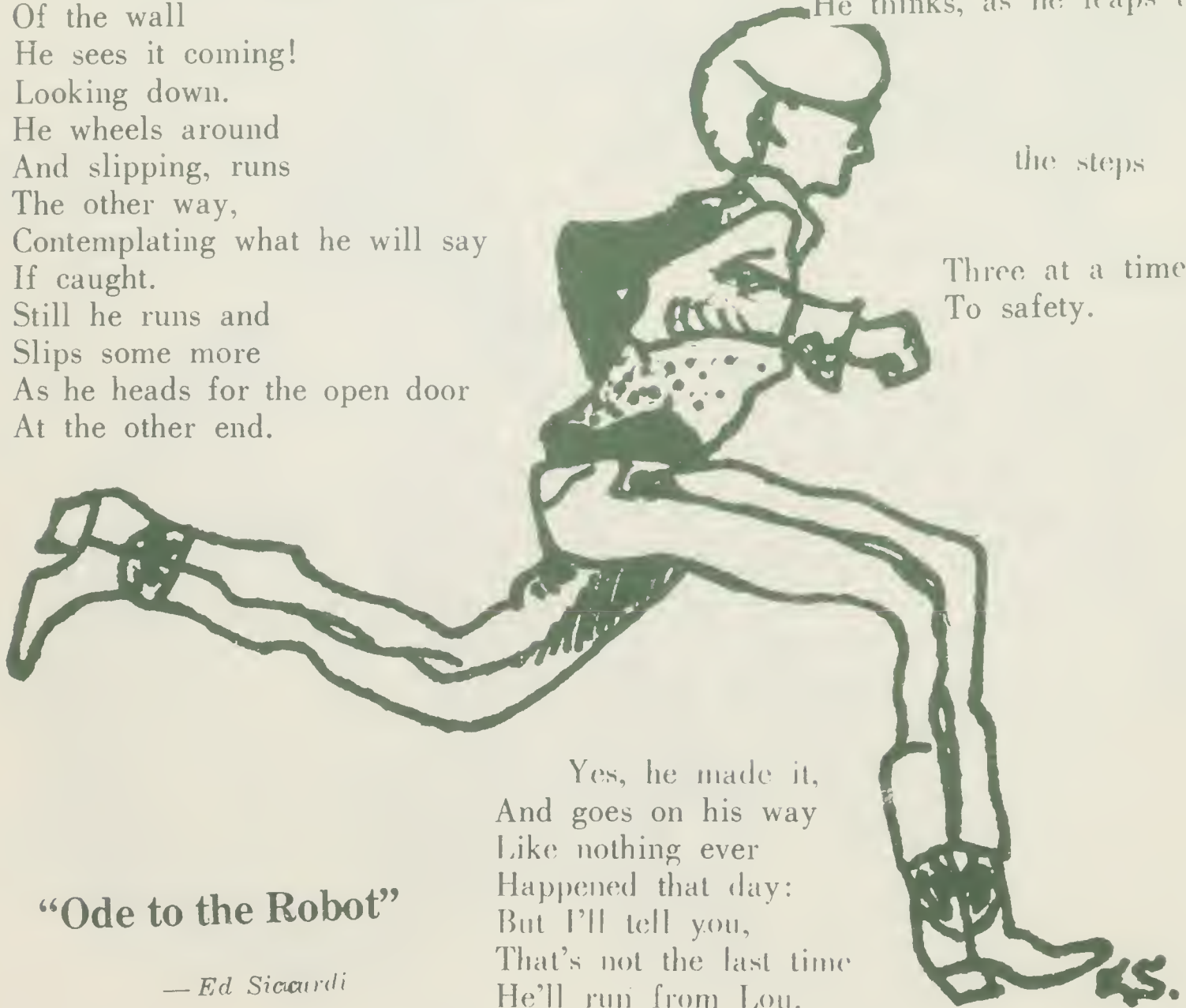
— Nancy Owens

He arises from the table
 And looking around,
 Walks to the door.
 The door is open
 As far as it's able
 And there's not a sound
 In his mind.
 Cautious is he,
 As he sticks his head around the lee
 Of the wall
 He sees it coming!
 Looking down.
 He wheels around
 And slipping, runs
 The other way,
 Contemplating what he will say
 If caught.
 Still he runs and
 Slips some more
 As he heads for the open door
 At the other end.

Out comes his head, then
 From the doorway
 And looking around
 He sees a good way
 OUT.
 He runs out and onward
 Down the way
 And around the corner.
 "Man what a day!"
 He thinks, as he leaps up

the steps

Three at a time,
 To safety.



"Ode to the Robot"

— Ed Siccardi

Yes, he made it,
 And goes on his way
 Like nothing ever
 Happened that day:
 But I'll tell you,
 That's not the last time
 He'll run from Lou.



Prophet If Bird or MacBeth

The umbilical cord of Meres modern
sense, beams in changing light
and sound across the imploding
land.

Hail McLuhan.

“Prophet if Bird or Devil”

McLuhan sense covers the print in Marxian
glint

Economics, nay; Media, yea.

Sequential, integral, linear

Quoth the Marshall “Nevermore”

The medium is the message my friend
changing sense ratios from dim to
light

Hot and Cold running taps adorn
the wall as pithy as the water that
runs out.

Hail McLuhan

All Hail Macbeth

Three witches did he encounter looking
through the rear view mirror

From the frothy fog hill where
they were perched they speake.

Hail the Thane of Media,

Hail the thane of Gutenberg.

And Marshall did resound in

bafflements then said,

“Why do you dress me in borrowed robes?”

Then in spite of circular
mosaics in his eye he said,
“Today is my Future, tomorrow
I will ride on and find the Past—
search my way out of this Bonanza
land.”

So in his ivory tower he spent three
decades preparing his mighty ascent
till he was hot with words and
cool with content.

Then upon a steaming day his
words were read.

Madness, his ideas imploded in some heads.
Genius, his ideas exploded, centralized
to a cult

And they did fight coolly and slay
King Media with counter-irritants.

— *Charles Lawrence*

Awakening

Suddenly awakening, I found myself in an unhuman state. I threw back the now ponderous weight of sheets aghast at what I did not see. I began screaming wildly, striking the firm bed beneath me, only to feel an unendurable pain in my left shoulder. My life was, at this point, non-existent.

Then I awoke to find myself running aimlessly in large circular patterns upon a vast field. The minutes became hours. I was terror-stricken. The pain in my legs had become unbearable. I collapsed. I lay in a clammy state, red-faced, dying.

Consciousness came slowly. I awoke upon a bed only a few inches from the white tile floor, out of which I ecstatically jumped. My joyful dancing was soon interrupted by the roaring of sirens. Grasping my ears, I dropped back into bed. As the sirens ceased, I heard an extremely masculine voice. I began to feel faint and put my head over to the edge of the bed. When I opened my eyes, I saw a legless man dressed in white. He greeted me and told me that he was Doctor Bachman. Sudden compassion for this poor man seized me, and I called for a nurse. Terrified, I gazed as two nurses dragged themselves toward me. One was Miss Hummel, the other's name was not audible above my crying. Both were legless.

Dr. Bachman tried to explain what had happened. I had been in a coma for nearly all of my existence. I had been born misshapen, a growth of excess skin tissue extended, on either side, below my abdomen. There was nothing to be done. I was helpless.

I was a freak, a circus freak at that. I rose and began running haphazardly down the long antiseptic halls. There was no escape. I lowered my head and ran toward the closest wall . . .

Again I awoke to find myself surrounded by a group of physicians, all observing me critically. I turned on my right side and looked over the bed. I began to cry as I thought of the humiliating dream to which I had been subjected. These doctors had legs! They were complete human beings! I joyously threw back the sheets only to be confronted with a horrendous sight. I was missing my legs. I began to laugh. I was laughing hysterically. Dr. Bachman had told me that I was a freak. A freak, he had said. A freak . . .

— Bob Ecksel



Jack be nimble,
Jack be nix,
Jack's the guy that's
got the fix.

Russia, Russia, why do you cry?
The reason we fight I know not why.
But maybe someday we'll both be there,
Both on the moon and fighting for air.

I know now I'll
never see,
a Dallas as lovely
as used to be.

The Great Society

— *Bill Neblett*

Mary, Mary contemporary,
How do your poppies grow?

Poems are written
by fools, and how,
But only L.B.J. can
save us now.

Georgie Porgie had a wife
Her state was white as snow. . .

I think that there
will never be,
anything as lovely
as L.S.D.



Haight-Ashbury

Strands . . . cough . . .
Lack of air . . .
Infinite gardens . . .
Fondle . . . love never . . .
ends
Here . . .
In . . .
Perpetual——existence
Pentagonal——thoughts
Yesterday
Love . . . now
Flowered minds
Fragrant . . . thoughts?

— *Bob Ecksel*

HE

Plucking hollowness
Crept into the room of my mind:
Huge olives in a
browned face of stone
with musical creations of undertones.
(electrical stress, distress)
Stripes and polkadots
Within the notes of happiness that
SMILE!
Integrated, papered, threaded
thoughts
Mingled with woven materials that
See beyond.
(amplified knowledge, acknowledges)

— *Karen Bennet*

Down with war!
Let's make the whole world,
 PEACEFUL — —
We'll get together, you and me,
 and we'll be neutrals.
And we will keep everyone from fighting.
'Cause when they do,
 we are threatened (God forbid!)
so they must be WIPED OUT!

 Then Peace and Neutrality will be saved. (Oh boy)
And the whole world will have Peace,
 Because the *Dirty Warmongers* will all be
 DEAD!!!!
And we will guard everybody's peace,
 ALL BY OURSELVES!

— *Stephen Wylan*

Down With War

I shall tell you the story if I can
Of the little animal—the planarian
We cut this thing—yes cut this body
In half with a razor — But oddly
Instead of dying, each section grew
And now we have not one but two!
For the back grew a front, and the front grew a back
And now no parts do the planarians lack
And now they thrive in the best possible way,
And made me, thank heavens, not a murderer that day.
— And that is about how the life story ran
Of our little regenerating planarian!

— *Celia Cohen*

Ode to the Planarian

Dead End

He knew that the final dead end is death, the end of body, of mind, of spirit. The others ignored the series of dead ends that preceded death, pretending like the children they were that if they only closed their eyes, all the dead ends would weave themselves into a gossamer path to salvation; but he could not. The dead ends began for him when he was struck at the moment of birth and could not strike back. From that moment he was impotent, a seeker doomed to search forever for that which he had lost. As he grew, the others tried to stifle him and mold him in their image, but the trees whispered to him and the rocks groaned in the night, saying, "You had it, you had it, you had it."

He could not deny his need to them as the others did. He began his search. The faceless monolith of failures hopefully compelled him into endless noise and stacks of musty paper; hopeful he would not find the answer to cast them down. He failed, and their duty was done, they covered their joy with false lamentations but he repudiated them, and they, offended, cast stones.

Through his advancing years he sought, ever more alone, ever more dedicated, never quite without hope. He fathered babies of his own and watched them closely to see at what moment the thing he sought would leave them, but the signs did not appear. Like the others he tried to tell himself that potency was not necessary for him because there was One who was potent, but somehow the seeker within him was not satisfied. He tried the methods others used to implement their false potency, tried like the others to still the mocking voices of the trees and rocks by destroying them. He was not satisfied.

He died when death came to him. He knew he had failed, that the answer lay for others to find, but he knew he was right. He knew that he and all his kind needed that answer and that until it was found a race lay unfinished, a book unwritten, a canvas empty, a note alone, a giant asleep, a monument unraised.

— *David Chandler*

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